THE EVENING TIMES.

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PLAYING OSTRICH.

When asked if the Republican party should favor tariff revision in any degree, at present or in the near future, Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire is reported as curtly replying that "it is absolutely without justification, if, indeed, it may not be characterized as idiotic."

If Senator Gallinger has been correctly quoted in this instance, he is either ignorant of what is going on in his own party, or, not being ignorant, is deliberately attempting to deceive himself. The statement is made without disrespect to the Senator or without mistaking surmise for fact. If the Republican party is not preparing to begin the work of revising the Dingley tariff schedules, reliance can no longer be placed in those ominous signs and portents which have moved the party leaders to hurried speech and energetic action.

Mr. Gallinger may belong to that class of statesmen that practices the habits of the ostrich when that bird is hard pressed by the enemy—a tactful move that may be effective among the animals of the African desert, but which, we submit, leads to disastrous results when resorted to in American political warfare. Not even Senator Hanna, whose belief in the Dingley law is every whit as strong as Senator Gallinger's, treats the question of tariff revision as does the New Hampshire statesman. Mr. Hanna's answer to all such inquiries as that put to Mr. Gallinger is "let well enough alone" and "don't disturb prosperity." Perhaps Mr. Hanna is no wiser than Mr. Gallinger, but indisputably he is more frank.

It is obvious that no studied policy of evasion on the part of the protection extremists can either check the revision movement within their party or paralyze the energy of the other extremists—the free traders. The spectacle of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who helped frame the Dingley schedules, voluntarily retiring from public life, avowedly because of the growth of tariff revision sentiment in a Congress district overwhelmingly Republican, is too impressive to be ignored. Added to this is the even more impressive spectacle of a Republican President, hopeful of a continuance of his leadership by direct choice of the party, declaring in a public speech that the Republican party is prepared to consider revision of the tariff, in whole or in part, whenever that consideration is demanded by the economic and industrial conditions of the country.

However, it is probable that the results of the Congress elections next month, while not actually disastrous to the party of protection, will contain such unmistakable evidences of popular dissatisfaction with present tariff rates that even Senator Gallinger will not feel warranted longer to denounce the bare suggestion of revision as "idiotic."

SHORTER COLLEGE COURSES

Nicholas Murray Butler, the new president of Columbia University, does not propose to be left behind in the onward march of scholastic innovation. In his first annual report he "sees" the reforms in the academic curriculum recently proposed by Harvard University and the University of Pennsylvania, and "goes them one better." Steps have recently been taken at the two latter seats of learning to reduce the length of bachelors' degree courses by graduating applicants completing in three years the work formerly spread over the four-year period. If President Butler's plan is put in force at Columbia, that university will soon be granting, after two years, the academic degrees now required for matriculation in her own professional schools and in her graduate department.

So radical a suggestion will meet with little favor, perhaps, in quarters where the completion of the traditional four-year college course is still held to be the true stamp and seal of a so-called "liberal education." The conservative sentiment which deplored the widening of the old curriculum, and felt the remission of Greek as a compulsory study to be a blow to ancient American ideals of learning, will find in President Butler's proposal another evidence of the tightening hold of practical tendencies on our educational system. Educators of the older type will doubtless shudder at the sacrifices of academic ease and restfulness which the new scheme involves—at the concessions it makes to the impatience of the modern student to have his try with life.

There can be no doubt, however, that President Butler's suggestion reflects the feeling, both of educators and of students, that the four-year academic curriculum is no longer fitted to present-day conditions or present-day requirements. Without the slightest lowering of college standards, the present course of four years can easily be reduced to three years. Shorter vacations and more genuine application would readily suffice to win the bachelors' degree a full year earlier; and for students whose college education is to be supplemented by the training of the professional and graduate schools there seems to be no vital objection to the additional economy of compressing undergraduate instruction, as such, within the narrower limit set by President Butler.

Within a generation the expense of a university education, both in time and money, has grown enormously. Candid and serious attention should, therefore, be given to any suggestion which, without unduly diluting its quality, will give the average college curriculum a more rational and less wasteful character.

Yesterday was Old Glory Day in Washington—and not even a game leg could keep the President of the United States indoors on such a day.

While the September quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation was not a record-breaker, it showed that the company is keeping the wolf from the door by a large majority of millions.

Just as soon as the President feels firm on his injured leg he will give the new British ambassador the glad hand.

Sir Thomas Lipton's latest challenge for the America's Cup is doubtless based on the old superstition that "the third time's the charm."

If experience is the teacher it's cracked up to be, certain persons in the vicinity of Beaumont, Tex., should now begin to realize that oil is exceptionally inflammable.

Mr. Mitchell's determination to reject President Roosevelt's plan for a settlement of the coal strike seems to have been reached with more speed than wisdom.

"Uncle" Russell Sage's improved condition is probably due to his eagerness to resume his favorite recreation of hard work.

The enthusiastic reception given to Pension Commissioner Ware by the G. A. R. veterans would seem to indicate that even so grave an offense as writing poetry may be forgiven for the sake of a good army record.

Pixley Ka Isaaka Seme, the Zulu who has just been matriculated at Columbia University, should found a college society and endow it with his name.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Stone's Action Indorsed.

It will be perceived, therefore, that the governor has not in this case permitted cowardly political discretion to paralyze his sense of official duty. For, having discharged that duty, though tardily, he deserves and should receive the hearty commendation of all good citizens who demand the supremacy of law and agree with him that "the dignity and authority of the State must be maintained and her power to suppress all lawlessness within her borders be asserted," that "peace and good order shall be preserved," and that "all men who desire to work, and their families, shall have ample protection."

These are brave words—words of duty, courageously spoken under circumstances which render duty easy neither to see nor do.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The action of Governor Stone in adequately garrisoning the anthracite district with State troops, to the end that disorder may be suppressed, life and property protected, and mining resumed if any considerable number of miners really want to return to work, is commendable from every point of view. Equally so are the governor's instructions to the commanding general. What he is required to do is to put an end to conditions which have become intolerable in a community living under the rule of law, and in which life is held sacred and property is respected.—New York Times.

His Motives Questioned.

The governor of Pennsylvania is bound to protect all citizens and corporations in the exercise of their rights and legitimate privileges. It is his duty to employ the military forces of the State for the necessary protection of persons and corporations lawfully engaged in mining coal or transporting coal. It is equally his duty to prevent the abuse of privileges and protect citizens against invasion of their rights. He has no right to misuse the military power of the State for the protection of persons or corporations in the prosecution of unlawful mining.—Philadelphia North American.

This thing might have been determined long ago, and it will be determined now if Governor Stone's act is more than the ruse of a politician driven to the wall and his purpose more than the scheme of crafty interests to defeat President Roosevelt's plans for settling the strike with his appeal that the miners serve the needs of the public and avert a national danger, going back to work, waiving their present demands, and consenting to supply coal to consumers until such time as the grave emergency of today should be past, trusting to public opinion and the good offices of the President to render to the strikers such justice and reward as that act would entitle them to receive.—New York Press.

"OF MAKING MANY BOOKS."

In Old Nassau.

For some reason or other Princeton seems to have taken to literature of a sudden. On the eve of President Woodrow Wilson's inauguration no less than five books of note by Princeton men are announced for publication, and President Wilson himself is a writer of no mean importance. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's book of stories, entitled "The Blue Flower," is shortly to appear. W. E. D. Scott, head of the ornithological department of the university, will publish "The Story of a Bird Lover." Laurence Hutton, special lecturer in the university, has in press a book entitled "Literary Landmarks of Oxford." Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler's reminiscences have already appeared, and Prof. Walter A. Wyckoff is writing a series of papers on English wage-earners. Harvard's laurels as a literary center seem to be in danger.

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A Little Daughter of Charles I.

In a recent book entitled "The Roll Call of Westminster Abbey" a quaint little story is told of Princess Anne, the little daughter of Charles I, who died at the age of four, and has become well known to the American public through the innumerable copies of the portrait of "Babie Stuart." It is said that when about to die, "being told to pray by those about her," she said: "I am not able to say my long prayer (meaning the Lord's Prayer), but I will say my short one—'Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.'"

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Juvenile Literature.

Two things impress one in the recent output of juvenile literature. One is that it is an odd fact that most of the American picture books for children in which colors are used are far inferior to the English and German books of the same class, the colors being crude and the designs inartistic. The other is that in violent reaction from the Sanford and Mertoun type of children's books, the other extreme has been reached, and infant minds are fed mainly on absolute nonsense which is as far below their comprehension as grown people's books are above it. It is wise to remember that one can get mental dyspepsia on mental infant's food as well as on intellectual mince-pie, if there is too much of it.

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A Woman in the Orient.

Mrs Archibald R. Colquhoun, wife of the author of "China in Transformation," has accompanied her husband upon many of his journeys to the Far East, and is herself a clever writer and artist. Mr. Colquhoun is particularly good authority on anything that concerns China, India and Russo-Chinese politics, and his wife has had unusual opportunities for observation and knowledge. She is said to have written a book on Oriental customs and scenes, which will appear with colored illustrations from sketches by the author.

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Parker's Theory of Literature.

Since Sir Gilbert Parker returned to London he has taken to discussing methods of making literature, and while the thoughtless are inclined to hold that he takes his profession too seriously, a man who writes as good fiction as does the author of "The Right of Way" may be excused for regarding both himself and his work with serious attention. There are a great many things which are not half so well worth taking in earnest as the making of literature. Sir Gilbert recently explained in a lecture on "The Art of Fiction" delivered before the Sesame Club his conception of the ideal novel, and it is this:

"There is only one test for a novel—that it be first and before all a well constructed story, that it deal sincerely with human life and character, that it be eloquent of feeling, that it have insight and revelation, that it preserve idiosyncrasy, but before all that it be wholesome. To produce such a book a sane, tolerant, impartial temperament and a wide knowledge are necessary. When a man has real character, real power and genius, his book is himself."

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An Old School Friend.

Some statistics have recently been published with regard to "Webster's Spelling Book," the familiar acquaintance of our fathers. During the thirty-five years of its publication, from 1855 to 1890, over thirty million copies were sold. In view of the inaccuracies of spelling which it spread broadcast among the American people, this may be regretted. But, on the other hand, when we consider the condition of our children's orthography, now that the teachers have ceased to teach spelling at all, perhaps the harm done by Noah Webster was not so gigantic.

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A Musical Critic.

James Huneker, author of several books of essays on musical subjects, and of one book of fantastic musical fiction, called "Melomaniacs," is, as his name would indicate, of Hungarian descent. His father was of that nationality and his mother Irish. He was educated partly at a military academy, partly at a Jesuit school, where he was trained for the priesthood, and partly at a college, where he studied law and mechanical engineering. He finally became a newspaper man.

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An Intellectual Test.

A new test of intellect is proposed by one of the characters in Mrs. Craigie's latest novel, "Love and the Soul Hunters." He says:

"I will ask him his opinion of Napoleon and Bismarck—there is no quicker way of fixing a man's intellectual pitch."

If this test were to become general it is to be feared that most people would have a much smaller conceit of themselves than they now have.

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An Artist Turned Writer.

Robert W. Chambers, whose work is attracting attention from its versatility and strength, reached his literary career in a somewhat peculiar way. He was educated as an artist, and after six years of study in Paris returned to America to take up the work of illustrating. His first book, "The King in Yellow," grew out of his work as an illustrator.

The Sweetest Sound.

What's the sweetest sound?—why, let me see!
So many sweet sounds recur to me.
There's a tinkling rill and a mocking bird's trill—
There's the hum of droning bees;
The dip of an oar toward a homeward shore,
And the roll of swelling seas.

A summer breeze over ripening wheat;
The strains that murmuring shells repeat,
And ringing notes from many throats,
That cause the heart to thrill.
The patter of rain, when you've wished in vain,
So long for the clouds to fill.

The tremulous strings of the violin,
A vesper sparrow's evening hymn,
And songs crooned low in the firelight's glow;
But the sweetest sound I know
Is the laughter gay, of children at play,
Recalling the long ago.

—Cora Helm Ramsay, in American Methodist Magazine.

IN THE REALM OF MUSIC

Magda Dvorak, daughter of the well-known composer, recently made her debut in Prague as a concert singer.

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Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, and Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria have written an opera which will soon be produced at the Munich Opera House. Carmen Sylva's literary work is familiar to the reading public of two continents, and Prince Ferdinand, while not so widely known, is said to be a musician of high attainment.

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Oscar Hammerstein, the New York theatrical manager, has conceived the idea of giving band concerts in conjunction with dramatic entertainments. Last week he supplemented the performances of "Mrs. Jack," at the Victoria Theater, with a concert by Creatore and his band. The recital opened at 10:30.

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Maurice Grau is in Berlin looking for tenors for his metropolitan season. He has signed a contract with the noted German tenor Gerhauser. Among the operas which will form the Grau repertoire this winter will be d'Albert's "Die Abreise."

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Max Schilling has again come to the fore in Berlin through the presentation of his opera, "Der Pfeiffertag." Schilling's first opera, "Ingwelde," did not meet with the approval of Emperor William and was taken off. The management of the opera is being generally commended for giving the composer another trial.

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The Apollo Club, of Chicago, numbers 500 voices. The best choral works obtainable are rendered at their concerts, which are given through the financial support of wealthy citizens of Chicago. So, with the Symphony Orchestra, the Windy City has two first-class permanent musical organizations.

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Andreas Dippel is another of the Grau singers who will devote the greater part of the coming season to concert work. Herr Dippel has won many admirers by his work, and his career as a concert singer will be watched with interest. He has a long and varied repertoire, including a number of songs in French, German, Italian and English.

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French composers and musicians declare that America is destined to be the future land of song birds. This conclusion is the result of the great influx into their country and subsequent success of the American prima donna. Many young singers go to Paris to study and win fame on the operatic stage. This is not always so in the case of everyone, for before a singer can even secure a hearing the French language must be mastered with the ease of a native.

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The series of symphony concerts which were inaugurated three years ago at the New York Lyceum Theater under the direction of Sam Franko will be continued this season at Daly's Theater, the season opening in January. Walter Damrosch will deliver a new course of musical lectures on the Wagner operas.

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The "Requiem" composed by George Henschel in memory of his wife, Lillian Henschel, will be sung for the first time in Boston December 1 by the Cecilia Society. New York will hear the composition later in the season, and it will also be given in Hamburg, Leipsic, Breslau, Dresden and Berlin.

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Arnold Dolmetsch, the famous exponent of archaic music, will make his American debut January 6. He will illustrate his talk by means of the antique instruments for which that character of music was written.

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS."

As a general thing I believe in the wisdom of that scriptural teaching which forbids us to turn back from an undertaking when once we have put our hands to the plow, yet I cannot but approve the action of Miss Emma Plant, of Winsted, Conn., who recently caused quite a delay in her wedding to William Howe because she refused to go to the church in a vehicle drawn by a pair of mules, stubbornly waiting, instead, until horses were procured. If you will remember, the crookback'd Richard III at Bosworth Field placed so high an estimate upon an equine accessory to the ceremony of war that he went around bawling like mad—"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Well, of course, that battle was a pretty important thing to Richard, but do you suppose it was as important as was Miss Emma Plant's wedding to her? Not for a minute—and if Miss Plant had really and truly made her appearance at the church in a hymeneal chariot drawn by mules, Bridegroom Howe himself would have been justified in declaring the whole affair off. A woman who could do such a thing would be either more or less than a woman—and a man wants only a woman for a wife.

One by one our pet illusions are dispelled as we grow to learn the truths of life. And now comes one Daniel McGinley, erstwhile of the chastely classic little town of Cedarburg, Wis., with the dreadful claim that historic Athens is a glittering fake as a center of culture and the refinements that make existence beautiful. Mr. McGinley is our consul at Athens, and he says he will be glad when his term of office expires. The old Grecian capital is socially in the hands of parvenus, he asserts—"Five o'clock teas at which Sappho would faint, if she did not drop dead, are the things." Then he goes on to describe the dull asininity of Athenian society, protesting that it bores him to the very marrow of his bones. Isn't this enough to make angels weep—that things have come to such a pass in Athens as to provoke a protest on esthetic grounds from the lips of a Cedarburg, Wis., man?

How vastly different, and how much more gratifying and reassuring, is the news that comes coincidently from the Athens of America, the sober and brainful Boston. "Even in its penal institutions," says a recent news dispatch, "the Bay State's reputation for culture and literary excellence is maintained." And then the story proceeds to the effect that "The Mentor," a periodical written, edited and published within the stone walls of the State's prison, is peculiarly Bostonian in its exclusiveness and high literary standard. Fiction, poetry, philosophy, religious thought, essays on literary and kindred topics—all these have their place in "The Mentor," and hold that place, we are told, with the graceful ease possible only to the work of the most highly cultivated writers. Isn't it fine, indeed, to think that even in the Massachusetts jails the genius of Boston thus so fully holds sway—but stop! Maybe this accounts for the fact that Boston herself has been outstripped by other American cities of late in the race for first place as the American intellectual center—all the brightest Boston litterateurs being apparently now in prison and busy on "The Mentor" Magazine!

If there is one thing in the world which aggravates me more than another it is to encounter an incomplete news item of an especially interesting nature. To this class belongs the story cabled from Paris to the effect that two pilgrimages coming from distant parts of France met at St. Michael a fortnight ago, one band being composed of women and the other of men, and that eighteen marriages were the result of this chance meeting. Where were these pilgrims coming from? Upon what pilgrimage were they bound? Think how many of us would shout for joy to don the shoon and take up the crook-staff of a pious forced march that can knock off eighteen marriages at one whack without turning a hair!

For some weeks past it has seemed to me a most singular thing that neither the Republican nor the Democratic party manifested any particular desire to elect a majority of the members of the next national Congress, the claim being made that there would be no party advantage gained from such a victory. Now, however, I believe I have got at the root of the matter in a little news item which tells me that the next session of Congress may be a "dry" one, with national legislators pitifully unable to get an uplifting drink anywhere in the Capitol. The proprietors of the Senate and House restaurants having been arrested for selling liquor without a license, the point at issue is now before the District Court of Appeals, and not until this court renders its verdict will the bibulous possibilities of the Capitol be definitely known. In the meantime, how can any candidate make a really enthusiastic campaign for election, and why should either party care to have a majority in so deplorable a plight as is indicated by the term a "dry" Congress?

It may be that I am more easily dismayed or awed by certain things than are the majority of men, but surely it seems to me that there is something terrifying in the authoritative announcement that woman's discovery of the comfortableness of pajamas has resulted in a run on the big shopping stores which has utterly exhausted the visible supply of these garments. Can you imagine anything more dreadful than a woman in pajamas? There are some plain rules laid down by good old Mother Nature which cannot be violated with impunity, and among them must surely be an inviolable law against the donning of pajamas by women. If a woman could only see herself in pajamas—but there! It's bad enough if man has to see her thus; kind heaven forbid that she be shocked by an all-round and comprehensive view of such a spectacle!

"Jacques of Arden."

"SHREDS AND PATCHES."

Sam Jones to the Reporters.

A prominent Baltimore physician tells the following anecdote about Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist: "When several years ago Mr. Jones was at Emory Grove Camp, the newspaper reports of his sermons caused him to complain. At the last service he looked down at the reporters, who sat at a table just in front of the pulpit, and said: 'And I want to tell you fellows that I like you a lot, in spite of your manifold faults. You boys don't treat me right, though. You take my sermons and pick out a piece here, a piece there and a piece somewhere else; then you string the pieces together, and, naturally, they read funny. Now, suppose I reported the Bible that way! A man asks me what the Bible tells him to do. I read in one place, "And Judas went out and hanged himself." I turn over and read, "Go thou, and do likewise." And in another place I find, 'and do it quickly.' Now, you see, boys, that sort of thing won't do; it ain't fair.'"—Boston Journal.

Lord Salisbury's Joke.

Many years ago, Lord Salisbury, late prime minister of England, was a journalist and occupied a room in a newspaper office in company with Mr. Charles Williams, who later became a war correspondent. The two were warm friends, and as a token of their friendship they treated each other to a pint of pale ale every day, Salisbury paying the bill on the odd days of the month and Mr. Williams on the even days. In time, however, Salisbury went into politics and became marquis and prime minister, and Mr. Williams was obliged to drink his ale in solitude. Some weeks ago Lord Salisbury was entering the House of Commons and suddenly saw his old friend, for the first time in many years. Going up to him, he shook his hand vigorously and then whispered: "Tell me, old fellow, whose turn is it to pay for the pint today, yours or mine?" Yet Salisbury's political opponents claim that recently his memory has been failing him!—New York Herald.

No Influence Above.

In Dr. John Hall's time it was the custom in his church to use the old-fashioned, simple hymns, and the singing was congregational. On one occasion the late William M. Evarts discovered E. Delafield Smith, the well-known lawyer, and then corporation counsel of the city, singing with all his heart, and whispered to his friend: "Why, there is Smith singing 'I want to be an angel.' I knew he wanted to be district attorney, but I didn't know he wanted to be an angel." The remark was repeated to Mr. Smith, and quick as a flash came the retort: "No; I have never mentioned the matter to Evarts, knowing that he had no influence in that direction!"—New York Times.

No Rest for Murderers' Bones.

Fourscore murderers' bodies are buried beneath the floors of Newgate jail, and the authorities are wondering how these remains are to be disposed of when the work of demolition reaches their present resting place. No cemetery or public burial place is likely to receive them except under compulsion. This is evidenced by the attitude of the City of London and Tower Hamlets Cemetery Company, of Mile End Road, whose officials vigorously repudiate the statement recently published that their cemetery had been chosen for the interment of the Newgate criminals' bodies.—London Express.

A Novelty in Clocks.

A Birmingham inventor has just placed on the market a remarkable clock which he claims can "make tea." It is a very ingenious arrangement by which at any specified hour the sleeper can be awakened, and five minutes later there is a cup of tea and hot water for shaving ready for him. The machine does all automatically, and without any human aid whatever—lights spirit lamp, boils water, and tips the same up gently into the required vessel. It also puts out the lamp and rings a second gong to notify that the tea is ready.—Philadelphia Press.

Jests in Season.

The Only Refuge.

"Coal's fur beyond us, ain't it?"
"Hit sho' is!"
"En dey done raise de price er wood?"
"Dey sho' has!"
"Well, what you gwine ter do 'bout it?"
"Git in jail fer de winter!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Maria Regulates the Schedule.

Stranger—How soon will the next trolley car go by here?

Farmer—Maria, how soon'll yew be ready ter take th' next trolley car?

His wife—Just ten minutes, Josh.

Farmer—Then th' next car'll go by here in jes' nine minutes, an' there won't be another fer an hour.—Judge.

The Height of Luxury.

Folsum—Why did you pay the bootblack a dime, when he did his work so poorly?

Wilter—It's worth ten cents any time to sit in an armchair and watch somebody else work.—Boston Transcript.

Experience That Counted.

The manager of the new zoo looked at the applicant for a place with some doubt.

"But we want a man who can handle wild animals," he said at last, "you don't seem to be—er—well, exactly that style. Have you had experience?"

The applicant smiled slowly.

"Experience?" he repeated, "my dear sir, I managed three literary lions on a ten weeks' tour through the country, and later on took out Bannemealed, the world's greatest tragedian. I never had a fight during the whole time and"——

"Enough!" cried the other. "What salary do you require?"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Rising in the Service.

She—You say your brother is in the army?

He—Yes; been in it for six years.

"Suppose he has worked his way up?"

"Oh, yes; he started in the ranks and now he's in the balloon service."—Yonkers Statesman.

PLAYS AND PLAY-FOLK.

At Baltimore this week J. E. Dodson and Miss Annie Irish—Mrs. Dodson in private life—are making their first appearance as stars of the first magnitude. Their presentation of Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley's play, "An American Invasion," is said to be very successful. Mr. Dodson has been in the employ of Charles Frohman for a number of years and has created many important character comedy parts, the most notable perhaps being that of John Weatherby in "Because She Loved Him So." Miss Irish playing the part of Gertrude West in the same piece. Both have been on the waiting list of to-be stars at the syndicate headquarters for at least two seasons, but until recently no play could be found that was deemed suitable for the pair.

It is no secret in the theatrical world that David Belasco and the syndicate are "on the outs." Hence when Mr. Belasco yesterday announced that the play selected for the starring tour of Miss Blanche Bates this season is "The Darling of the Gods," the first long play built of Japanese characters and scenes, it was regarded as an open challenge to the powers that be in the show world. Last summer three managers engaged in a merry struggle for the dramatic rights to "A Japanese Nightingale," and Klaw & Erlanger came out triumphant.

Mr. Belasco about two years ago wrote a little playlet, which he called "Madame Butterfly," in which Miss Bates appeared with more than common success. Mr. Belasco argued that if he could turn out a one-act affair with the scene located in the land of the cherry blossom he should be able to write a full evening's entertainment with the same geographical setting, and in conjunction with John Luther Long he set at work upon "The Darling of the Gods." Before Miss Bates was even aware of the sort of play intended for her use this year, Mr. Belasco had engaged the company, ordered the scenic outfit and costumes, and had everything in readiness for the commencement of the rehearsals this morning in New York.

The first performance of this new play will take place in Washington at the National Theater November 17. After a week here and an engegement at Baltimore "The Darling of the Gods" will be taken to the new Belasco Theater, New York.

It was the intention of Klaw & Erlanger to produce "A Japanese Nightingale" next season on a scale of magnificence approaching their "Ben Hur," but now that Mr. Belasco, one of their avowed enemies, has stolen a march on them, this managerial firm may see fit to alter their original plans.

The Pike Stock Company, which made itself so popular with local theatergoers at the Lafayette Theater in "The Christian," is this week giving the late Charles Coghlan's "The Royal Box" at the Pike Theater, Cincinnati.

Miss Eleanor Robson, for three years one of the principal actresses with Liebler & Co., will become a star next month. She is to appear in a dramatization of Mary Johnson's novel, "Audrey," made by Miss Johnson and Harriet Ford, who have done a good deal of stage writing for the Liebler people. Miss Robson's season as a real star will be inaugurated in New York Tuesday night, November 18, one night after Viola Allen shows "The Eternal City" to New Yorkers.

Miss Robson has been playing the leading feminine role with Kyrle Bellew, in "A Gentleman from France," for the last season, and her appearance with Mr. Bellew in this city week after next will be her final work outside the realm of stardom. Miss Robson is well known and liked in Washington, on account of the uniform excellence of her performances in "Arizona," "Unleavened Bread," and with Otis Skinner and Mrs. Le Moyne in Browning's "In a Balcony." She was a "stock" actress at Milwaukee when Kirk La Shelle engaged her to play Bonita in "Arizona," which at that time was being presented in Chicago, and before its merits as a stirring American drama had become known to Eastern audiences.

A season with the Augustus Thomas play and two years under the Liebler & Co. management have brought Miss Robson to the front rank of native actresses.

Dorothy Morton, the former comic opera star, is at the head of the feminine contingent of "When Reuben Comes to Town." Miss Morton's last Washington appearance was in vaudeville.

Among the plays recently copyrighted is one entitled "An Anthracite Romance," by Marshall Harcourt. Perhaps the hero struggles during four acts for the possession of a ton of coal instead of the hand of the conventional stage heroine.

Hall Caine will sail on the Lucania Saturday and will witness his play, "The Eternal City," during its Philadelphia engagement. It is expected that he will provide another third act for the piece before it is presented in New York. The first scene of this act is regarded as quite superfluous to the telling of the story and it is thought Mr. Caine will eliminate it when he views the performance.